

April 10, 1975 - Island.

Dear Vickie and Jim,

I am mailing the afgan today and I hope you will like it.

Our weather has taken a turn toward spring and so I have started the yard work. I finished the afgan just in time.

Dad is taking a vacation as he finished the work at Phil Stewart's and he didn't want to go back to the old office. They were not very busy and he was awfully bored putting in his time. This morning he is playing duplicate with John Womally at the club on Mercer Island.

He probably will look for another job, preferably part time as he thinks he should do something to keep



busy. I can keep him plenty  
busy in the yard so I don't care  
if he goes back to work or  
not.

I am sure you will enjoy  
seeing your friends from Chicago.  
I think it is so nice that you  
keep in touch with the different  
ones.

All of our friends are reaching  
the retirement age or have already  
done so and they sell their house  
and move into an apartment,  
which is what we are not  
going to do.

Mary took the baby to  
the park near them yesterday  
and put her in the baby  
swing and she just loved  
it. She is seven months  
old now.

The beer hat I enclosed  
with the of you name made



by a bridge friend of mine. She had been selling them for ten dollars and is now recovering from a mental breakdown so she gave this one to me yesterday.

Nelly is going to spend the month of August in Sweden. I wonder if we are paying for it. I shouldn't have said that. I think I told you the will is supposed to be read in May but we haven't heard anything about it from Nelly but Florence keeps me up on the news.

I am going to the post office now and I hope you are getting along fine.

Love,  
Mom.

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